

WRECKED SAILOR ONCE HERE MADE JAPANESE AMBASSADOR

The life romance of a Japanese, the rise of a shipwrecked boy in New Bedford to a position of honor in his native country, is recalled by the death of Majuro Nakahama—or as he was known John Mung—in far away Japan.

Love for his mother induced Mung to brave dangers, and resulted in his becoming a man of influence, eventually a special Japanese Ambassador to the United States.

Mung was brought here by Captain William Whitfield in the whaling ship John Howland about 1839. He was called John, for the ship which brought him to America, and Mung the nearest approach to the pronunciation which he gave of his name.

While cruising off the Japanese coast a wreck was sighted, upon which were the lad and other Japanese, all of whom were nearly exhausted from exposure. Captain Whitfield took them off and afterward landed all but Mung at the Sandwich Islands.

The Captain took such a fancy to the lad that he brought him home with him, and he afterward lived in the captain's family, residing at Fairhaven for years.

Fearful Death at Home.
While a youngster he was frequently asked why he did not return home and his answer always was the same, "I want to, for I would like to see my mother, but if I do they will kill me." His love for his mother was something touching in its sincerity. He never, so it is said, mentioned her without breaking into tears.

Finally he reached California while on a whaling cruise, and there he learned that some of the men who had been taken off the wreck with him were still at the Sandwich Islands, and there he went to find them. He had got it into his head that he must see his mother and, prevailing upon his countrymen to go with him, they purchased and equipped a whaleboat, with the understanding that he should be the navigator on its cruise.

PASSED AROUND THE BIER.

Dr. George C. Lorimer of the Madison Avenue Baptist Church, New York, who was visiting Philadelphia recently, told this story:

"It is queer what a liking young students have for long words and Latin quotations, and what a dread possesses them of appearing conventional. I once knew a promising candidate who was given charge of a funeral in the absence of the pastor of the church. He knew it was customary for the minister to announce after the sermon that those who wished should step up to view the remains, but he thought that was too hackneyed a phrase, and he said instead:

"The congregation will now pass around the bier."

ANOTHER WANTED.

Little George was taken by his aunt to see the newcomer, aged one day. He was duly and profoundly impressed with the specimen, and asked where the little brother came from.

"God sent it," answered the aunt, reverently.

The answer made a deep impression on little George, for that afternoon he was seen out in the back yard gazing up into the deep blue sky and spreading his diminutive apron expectantly, as he said:

"Dear God, please throw me one down, too."

FRANCE AND RUSSIA



PRESIDENT LOUBET OF FRANCE.

Paris, April 22.—The French Chamber of Deputies and Senate has voted 500,000 francs to defray the expenses of President Loubet's coming visit to Czar Nicholas of Russia. Important political developments are expected as a result of the trip.

The party engaged passage on a merchant vessel bound to Shanghai, China, taking along with them the whaleboat. It was agreed that the whaleboat should be launched at a point in Japan nearest to his home and that the members of the party should take to the boat to reach shore by themselves.

Reaching land, Mung told his story of shipwreck and rescue and effort to reach home. He was looked upon as a foreigner and imprisoned, but finding some who believed his story he was taken from place to place until he reached the center of government.

Served as an Interpreter.
There his experiences in America were derided, and he was mocked at as a dreamer until the Japanese Government learned that an expedition was fitting out in the United States to visit Japan, when it decided to test his knowledge of the English language, and he rendered valuable service to the Government as interpreter when Commodore Perry opened negotiations with that country.

While in prison he translated Bowditch's "Navigator" into Japanese, and after his participation in the negotiations with Commodore Perry he was held in high favor and rapidly obtained positions of trust and honor. He became an officer in the Japanese navy, his knowledge of the sea and navigation being thoroughly appreciated.

Twenty years or more after his return to Japan he came to the United States as a special ambassador from Japan, and on that occasion one of the first places which he visited was the home of this old friend Captain Whitfield, where he renewed many of his former acquaintances.

He leaves four sons and one daughter. His sons speak and write English fluently. The eldest son studied medicine in Germany and is now a practicing physician in Tokyo and a member of the Board of Health of that city. The second son is a paymaster in the Imperial Japanese navy, the third is an architect, and also resides in Tokyo, while the fourth is a lad still attending school.

Ping Pong Sing a Song

Ping Pong.
Is what?
Great Scott!
Better ask, what not?
Here—There,
Everywhere.
Tick-Tack
Over—back.
Click—clock—
Another knock.
No score—
On the floor,
Under the table,
Are you able
To turn and twist
Like a contortionist?
Bat it—Biff!
Just a whiff.
There—Where?
In the air—
Oh, my—
In the eye!
Down again—
Crawl—sprawl,
Let it fall—
Franco—Dance,
Jump—hump,
Twist your wrist—
Tip—tap—
Snip—snap,
Never stop
Pop—pop—
Now you know,
Sure enough,
It's hot stuff—
Red hot—
Gee whiz!
That's what
Ping pong is!
—Kate Masterson.

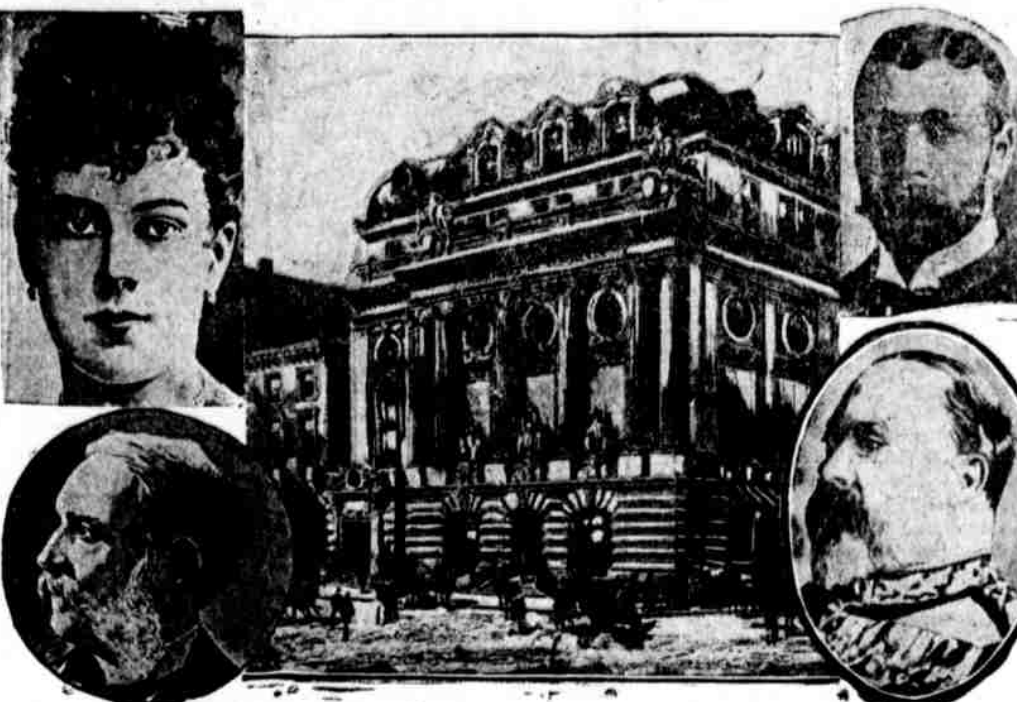
Peculiar Bottles Used By Travellers

"If anybody had told me," said a man whose acquaintance with bottles is limited, that four bottles could be placed in a cylindrical holder in such a manner as to occupy completely all the space I should have thought he was joshing me, sure; because bottles are commonly either angular or round.

"The bottles were three-sided. They had two sides flat, while the third side was rounded, in the form of a quarter of a circle. Each bottle would have covered, in fact, just one-quarter of a disk. Standing up in a round box the angular corners of the four bottles met at the center; and with their rounded fronts the four bottles filled the cylinder snugly.

"This device is contained in a leather holder, and forms part of a toilet equipment for a traveller."

PRINCE OF WALES TO VISIT AMERICA



London, April 22.—Much delight is expressed by English press and public at the prospect of the Prince of Wales paying a visit to America during October next. The ostensible object of the visit of His Royal Highness will be to attend the dedication ceremony of the New York Chamber of Commerce building, but Wales will take advantage of the opportunity to make a complete tour of the country under the auspices of the Chamber. Whether the Princess will accompany the Prince has not yet been definitely decided, although it has been suggested in London that this would be stealing a splendid march on the Kaiser, who sent Prince Henry over here without his wife.

Change in the American Wheat Belt

The wheat belt is a movable region, and is in this particular different from the other sections of the country noted for their agricultural or mineral products.

New York has been noted for many years for its supremacy in hay and salt, Pennsylvania for coal and iron, Ohio for wool, Illinois for oats, Kentucky for tobacco, and so on, but the area of wheat production, which formerly included western New York and the States of the Middle West, has shifted and changed from time to time, sometimes extending north and at other times south.

Twenty years ago New York produced twice as many bushels of wheat as it does today. The average crop in Michigan has fallen off more than one-half and of Wisconsin nearly as much, but in the same period Nebraska has doubled, Minnesota has increased a third and Kansas has quadrupled its wheat supply.

Pennsylvania and Tennessee are two States which have remained stationary in their wheat production. Alabama, which was a considerable wheat-producing State twenty years ago, has ceased to be one, but the product in Texas has increased enormously during that time.

Virginia has increased; West Virginia has fallen off. Oregon has increased; California has declined. Illinois and Indiana, formerly two of the chief wheat-producing States of the country, have ceased to be such, the crop of Illinois in 1900 being less than one-third of what it was in 1880, and that of Indiana less than one-seventh of what it was in that year.

Kentucky has increased; Iowa has fallen behind the figures of those years in which it was one of the chief wheat-producing States. Washington has increased very largely, and North Carolina somewhat.

There does not appear to be any rule by which the product of wheat in any group of American States may be gauged by a standard of soil or climatic conditions. Forecasts of wheat crops give no reasons for the changes noted.

Sailor Figures On Death Chance Ashore and Afloat

Bangor, March 19.—It is difficult to make a landsman believe that there are people who consider themselves safer afloat than ashore, but there are many such in Maine, and Jake Tozier of Herring Gut is one of them. It is said that Jake has been on shore but once in ten years, not counting short walks up the pier or occasional clam-digging trips.

For years Jake was cook-and-hand of the schooner Alligator, and when she was pilled up on Ragged Island he immediately shipped in the Early Bird, in which he has sailed ever since, living on board of her while she has been hauling up winters, as snug as a clam at high tide.

Somewhere about Jake and his paper where sixty-three people have been roasted and crashed and slaughtered in one way or another and not one of them lost to sea. There's lots of bad men ashore, mate. You'll find in that 'ere paper where fifteen men and wimmen's been murdered and seven committed suicide and not one of them suicides is a sailor man—not one.

"Yes, sir; I tell ye it's awful what ways there is to get killed ashore that ain't to be fell in with on the water. Even if ye're drowned 'to sea, ye ain't cut all up first, like them people in the tunnels was all crashed to pieces and then drowned with scalding steam. I ain't no scholar, but I reads the papers and the more I read the certainer I am that a man to be safe has got to 'keep off'n land' much's he can. You pick out any man you want to and I'll bet the doctors'll see him afore I'm drowned, and when I do go I'll go whole, so's to come on deck shipshape and Bristol fashion when Gabriel blows his horn."

The great drawback to the best fish stories is that they are wholly unreliable.

LATEST CRAZE IN INDOOR AMUSEMENTS



CAPTAIN HIRAM G. MORSE OLD MARINER OF PACIFIC

Captain Hiram G. Morse, a picturesque old mariner of the Pacific, in command for over thirty years of the mail service steamer traveling from Frisco to the Orient, is visiting in Washington. He is stopping at the Howard, and there isn't a night that he doesn't draw a crowd, for the captain is a character, and a true sailor, as well as—a sportsman. He is a great, tall, blustering, old fellow, big around, with blue eyes, quick to change to anger or laughter, short cropped white mustache, and red, wind-roughened face. He wears a blue suit, carries a silver mounted cane, "with a history," and walks with the regulation sailor's gait.

He has seen service—and right rough service at times—on the high seas since back in the latter thirties. He went off to sea from Newbury Port Mass., when he was eleven years old, as deckhand on a small fishing schooner, then graduating into the merchant service became third mate of a ship in the spice trade with the West Indies and Liberia. In 1857 he settled around Cape Horn, and, going to San Francisco, entered the California trade, first with the Sandwich Islands, the East Indies, and down around the South Seas, to Australia, then to China and Japan and back to Frisco, being sometimes two or three years on a cruise. Several cruises of this sort gave him a chart of the Pacific not many mariners possessed, so when he quit the merchant service and was placed in charge of a Pacific mail steamer, he entered upon his captain's pretty well schooled.

One of the most interesting incidents of his adventurous career was his meeting and subsequent friendship with Robert Louis Stevenson.

"Knew the whole push," he said, "Jo Strong and Belle Strong and Mrs. Stevenson, and I tell you Mrs. Stevenson is all right. I know the people in England don't like her, but I'll change their minds when my book on Stevenson comes out—"

"Book?"

"Yes, sir—book, that's what I have

PING PONG

The shades of night were falling fast.

As to the dining room there passed

A youthful pair, who gayly bore

A box, on which was this—no more—

"Ping-pong."

They cleared the table with a swish,

From dolly down to butter dish;

Then through the center stretched

A net

And soon the ball the racquet met—

Ping-pong.

"Try not the game!" the housemaid cried,

"The dinner's ready now," she sighed,

"And I must put it on the board."

The young man turned and fiercely roared:

"Ping-pong."

The cook strode to the open door,

And cautioned them to cease once more.

"The roast," she urged, "is sure to burn."

The maiden gasped: "I'm bound to learn

Ping-pong."

The family lurked in the hall,

And moaned: "Are we to eat at all?"

But still they heard the ping and pong

That made the cadence of a song—

Ping-pong.

And back and forth they smote the sphere,

Until the dawn of morning clear.

The father, mother, sisters, too,

Wailed hungrily: "Alas! We rue

Ping-pong!"

One day the searchers, out of breath,

Found all these people starved to death;

The cook, the housemaid, beau and belle,

The family—and, sad to tell,

Above them pinged the pongful knell:

"Ping-pong!"

HAD HUSBANDS TO BURN.

The train was leaving Lancaster when a young woman in the rear of the car began to cry violently. So loud were her lamentations that a young man who sat opposite went over and tried to comfort her.

"You seem to be in great grief, madam," said he. "Is there anything I can do for you?"

"No," replied she between her sobs. "I've just got my husband cremated."

On hearing this an elderly lady in the next seat also began to cry violently.

The young man went from the young to the elderly woman and asked if there was anything that he could do for her.

She straightened out and replied in a haughty tone:

"No, there is nothing. I'm 60 years old and never had a husband. Now, please do something for this poor woman who has them to burn."

In the Suez Canal recently, burning oil which leaked from the tank steamer Nerite covered the surface of the waterway for half a mile. As a result ships were unable to pass for about two hours.

KAISERS' YACHT METEOR



SKIPPER BEN PARKER.

New York, April 22.—The Meteor is a grand yacht and it will take a very good boat to beat her," is the opinion of Skipper Ben Parker, of the Kaiser's new American-built yacht. The famous Yankee skipper will conduct all the races of the Emperor's new yacht.